Paulina B. Perry

THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

VOL. VII.] RICHMOND, IND., APRIL 1, 1855. [NO. 7.

THE LILY.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, AT RICHMOND, IND

Terms---Fifty Cents per annum in advance, or Seven Copies for Three Dollars.

All communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

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Editor and Proprietor.

Mrs. AMELIA BLOOMER,
Corresponding Editor.

For the The Lily.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSAL:—Will you gratify a subscriber by inserting this poetry upon the leaves o your Lily. It is a fit subject for such a flower. It was written some years ago, by Miss Mary Hem hil, of Philadelphia; now Mrs. Mary Arthur, wife of Robert Arthur, of Washington City, brother of T. S. Arthur, of the Home Gazette.—R. S.

"Be thou pure before the morning,
Pure before the eye of day,
Pure when glowing glances meet thee,
And when eyes are turn'd away.
Thro' the glory, thro' the shadow,
Let it be alike to thee:
Ever pressing upward, onward,
In the strength of purity,
Not alone thro' light endure,
Through the darkness keep you pure.

Gentle hearted friends around us,
Make the path of duty sweet;
Oh, how softly walk we onward,
When the loving guide our feet.
That is but a little sorrow,
Which is shared as soon as known—
For it draws the heart we lean on,
Closer, closer to our own.
Is it then a bitter thing,
When such balm is in its sting?

But a sorrow may come nigh thee,
In a time of loneliness,
When thy soul is drooping, fainting,
And no love is near to bless.
Dreary, desolate, deserted,
Can ye bear the aching still?
Will thy heart keep on its pureness,
Meek, and true, and trusting still?
Oh, tis then we feel the need,
Of a changeless love indeed.

Not for earth or earth's applause,
Not for glory or for gain,
But for Heaven's approval,
Cleanse thy spirit from its stain.
When no eye nor ear can hear thee,
Deep within thy heart of hearts,
For thy God in love is seeking
Truth in all the inward parts—
And thy hope is very sure,
If thy soul be true and pure."

☞ Love cannot rest unless it is at work, for love is the essential active principle of life; neither can wisdom exist and subsist, unless when it is at work from and with love; and to work is use.

For the Lily.

OUR JOETTE;
A Stray Patch from Aunt Hannah's Quilt.
Or, the Record of the West.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.—(CONTINUED.)

A few evenings after the above scene, the landlord sat in the recess of a window, playing with little Joette. "I love you, pussy," said he, "do you love me?"

"Yes, love a good deal, not all, though."

"Why not? Don't I give you candy and sweet cakes enough?"

"Yes, but mamma says sweet cakes and candies ain't good for me, and I don't love you for that; but cause you are good to mamma."

"But what for don't you love me ALL?"

The little one looked up with a steady gaze as if she meant her artless words to reach his heart.

"Because, you let papa get drunk in your cellar; cause you take his money for the naughty whisky, and then he makes mamma cry and Willie cry, and so I don't love you *all!*"

"Who told you all this, pussy?" said the landlord, with a choking voice.

"Why, when I was in my bed last night, I heard papa tell mamma that she need not thank you so much, 'cause it was you sold him whisky, and took his money, or else he would be good as he was afore."

"Listen to that child," said the landlord's wife, as she rolled her curls around her finger before the mirror, "Where in the world did the hunchback thing learn such notions?"

"No matter if I be hunchback, if I be good, mamma says; but I'll love you all, every bit, if you won't sell papa any more whisky; will you, will you?" she cried, grasping his great neck with her little slender arms, and laying her beautifu cheek to his.

"No, I will not."

"And no other little girl's papa?" eagerly inquired the child.

"No, I will not," emphatically answered the convicted, convinced, conquered and repentant man.

Not a dram more was ever sold in that house, and from that day for the first time, there was a temperance hotel in the city of ———.

Juletta recovered, but her babe died, and as she bent over it with a swelling heart, and dropped a maternal tear over its lifeless little form, that had only moaned a feeble life of six days, she almost blessed God, in the depths of her spirit that he had seen fit to take it to heaven so soon.

Fred could not be restrained entirely, though the landlord strove hard to undo the mischief that had been done, by giving him work and encouraging him to effort. It was in vain.

As soon as she was able to be removed, Fred took his wife to another town, and started anew. He worked sometimes—drank daily, but not deeply, except upon occasions. Things did not improve, though Julette worked with indefatigable industry. Her kindness of heart, her truthfulness, her integrity of purpose, and unflinching devotion to her worthless husband, made the neighbors love her and treat her with great charity and consideration. In this way her load of care and toil was lightened, but no sympathy and love could soothe the anguish that every day grew more galling as she noted the downward step of him she once loved. Sometimes she said to herself, I will write to my friends, and ask a home; and then came the thought, he will follow me, and take my children.

Oh! must women so suffer, and yet the laws of the land thus crush her. He has squandered my patrimony, beggared our children, and made my whole life wretched, and yet the law makes him my master. No, no, I will not take him back to my home. I have sowed the wind, I will reap the whirlwind alone. Four years had passed since little Joette reformed the landlord; a third child shared the misery of the household, and was now two years old. A beautiful little girl called Mabel.

One evening, the father came staggering home, more drunk than usual. Mabel was not well, and was fretting and worrying her mother.

"Put down that cross thing, and get me some supper," was his evening salutation, to his weary wife.

"I have nothing for supper, Frederick. Mabel has been sick all day, and has cried incessantly. I could not work—she has a high fever, now."

"Put her down, I say, and get me some supper, or I'll ——— Here he uttered oaths and threats that must not be repeated.

"Frederick, I can't—you have been gone all day; why have you not worked and brought home something for supper? If you had, I would gladly wait on you, tired as I am."

A fearful sentence of oaths was his reply, and with a blow he felled her to the floor, and catching the babe from her arms, he attempted to throw it in the fire.

"Burning with a fever, is it?" I'll burn it."

The mother was stunned by the fall, but Joette was wide awake, and springing before the madman, and lifting her little figure to its full height, which was dwarf-like at best, she confronted him with a firm look.

"Father, what are you going to do?"

"Get out of my way, you ——."

"Give me the baby."

Get out of my way, or I'll kick you behind the back log."

She folded her little arms, and looked him calmly in the face, repeating the third time, "Give me the baby," and as the tiger quails before the steady gaze, so did the furious madman who held his child aloft, ready to dash it into the blazing fire, and lowering his arms, suffered this heroic child, not ten years old, to take the babe from his hands; then turning to the door, went away muttering, "there's a devil in her eye—I'm afraid of her."

Joette quickly laid the baby in the cradle, and revived her fallen mother. Julette was much hurt, but not seriously. She did not dare risk her husband's return, so taking the children, she craved the sympathetic protection of a kind neighbor.

That night their home and all its contents, (meagre enough they were,) were burned to ashes. In the morning Frederick was no where to be found, and it was supposed that he had, upon going home and finding his wife away, set fire to the house, and then left on a steamer that pnt out for New Orleans in the night; or may be, been burned in the house. Much search was made but no word or sign could be found of the unhappy man.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From the Woman's Temperance Paper.

Fashionable Ladies Unappreciated.

BY C. ANNETTE HARRIS.

The world is full of reformers and reforms.—The present age is marked with a sort of mania for making ever thing better, which develops itself in numberless sanitory dispensations, arising, doubtless, from a morose habit of lookng jealously about after *evil* in every thing, instead of pleasantly and kindly searching out the redeeming features of whatever system one meets.

The theme of our present consideration is one of paramount interest; comprising, in its varied detail, the sum and substance of progressive modernisms. And although long since, by many sensible people, placed upon the list of decided foibles, it does not necessarily follow that these summary dispositions were equitable, or even politic. At least, the claims of large and "respectable" a portion of the intelligent public should command deference and respecful consideration.

Fashionable Ladies! Not those women whose attire is *somewhat* after the custom of their times, sufficiently *so* to identify the particular century which embosomed there threescore and ten—distantly approximating conservative women; not these, it is the *intensely* fashionable ladies! The position they occupy in the social world, is one peculiarly taxing and embarrassing. Difficulties they have which the more common sort of people have signally failed to appreciate; consequently, a commensurate sympathy has been wanting. Utilitarians have, in their extreme mental contraction, never grasped the magnanimous idea that this class of ladies were benevolently filling a vacuum in society that might be filled worse. For instance, a premature gentleman might spend more hours in a billiard room, were it not for these delicate fascinations. They are also eminently serviceable in improving, refining, and giving polish to public taste. A more comprehensive system of disinterested personal martyrdom could never have been originated, even by the inventive Nero of an earlier century. To secure celebrity, one must enter the list at an early age, when the physique is susceptible of the peculiar mould, and the mental faculties may be supremely directed to the sublime acme. One is then morally certain of the degrees, passing gracefully upward to the meridian—then slowly and gently declining a pale star beneath the grey horizon of faded beauty, and "decayed gentility."

Their position is unique as it is responsible; committed to a great principle which admits no compromise; to a "faith" whose relentless discipline demands an unmitgated sacrifice—a wholesouled devotion, an obsequious service of the moment. Well might they envy the seamstress and maid-of-all-work, who can wear a garment of any cut, amenable to no millinery despotism; who can dine when they please; go to bed at nine; get up at the good old-styled sunrise, and tell the truth—pleasant liberties which the *elite* never dream of.

Let Mrs. Brilliant—one of the "first"—define her position. She has just come out on a pilgrimage of remodelization, whose labarynthine way lieth among the mysteries of embroidery and brocade. She has just dropped in at a first-class shop in Broadway.

"Good morning, Mrs. Brilliant! Indeed, you are just in time for our first lot up; the new patterns are perfectly charming."

"Sure, Mrs. Tissue; but what changes!"

"Well, *slight* variations; just enough to make one want new, you know: Just take a glimpse of these beauties."

In doing this, Mrs. B. discovers a smart little hat just over her shoulder.

"Oh, what a love!"

"Ah, Mrs. Brilliant, that is the "pattern" from Paris; it must have been *designed* for you; just put it on."

Mrs. B. did so, and stepping before a full-length mirror, was at once convinced that justice to her "position" and personal attractions, peremptorily demanded the purchase; although the costly thing, in the shape of a hat, that was sent to her elegant mansion a three months before, was not soiled.

"Any thing else, Mrs. Brilliant? Any thing in the line of fashionable furnishing? We are most happy to await your orders."

"Indeed, Mrs. Tissue, I came out this morning for selections, but the rotine is too tedious. I find myself utterly miserable from my old neuralgia. I positively can canvass nothing. How vexatious these late parties! We only remained till twelve, for we left little Frank sick, and servants are shockingly careless."

Here Mrs. B.'s attention was suddenly diverted, by peculiarly thrilling sounds from an adjoining apartment, similar to those of a gong in a modern hotel, which proved to be a lady at a piano, playing the old ditty—

"I perch at will on every spray,
My home the azure blue,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains forever new."

This circumstance reminded her of an expected call from Mr. Sims Twist, her old music teacher, and also of a dinner engagement at six—emergencies to be calmly and invincibly met; so she positively, though abruptly, declared her present incompetency for farther millinery duty.

Now, the world is cold and unsympathizing; but I am heartily sorry for you, Mrs. Brilliant, with your neuralgia, sick baby, and fashion toil. You will have to go home and swallow a Seildlitz, to coax up your head, for the endurance at six; for the "Suett" are too unmerciful to *accept* an apology. Then there is little "Bub," what a privilege, if you had only the time, to bathe his fevered temples with your own hand; to fan his burning cheek, and snug him a few moments to your soft, motherly bosom. He would look up in your eye so gratefully. Poor little fellow! he cried so pitifully, last night; and Betty, for the life of her, could not tell what he wanted, only in his moments of stupor he would feebly whisper, "Ma!" Then, what if he should die!—he heir of your house and name—the last of the four bright-eyed little tretters who have, from time to time, graced your magnificient home. I know it was whispered by some old ladies that the children did not have ——; but, O, this was only a cruel surmise. You did all you could for them, consistently with your "position" and onerous public duties; and you exhibited your maternal love by the newest styles of mourning, a genteel funeral, and a superb monument. It betrays unresignation to weep much, when children die, as they are, doubtless, "taken from the evil to come."

How strange that good people should be so misguided about these fashionable ladies—so blinded as to the righteous and exact merits of this interesting question! They keep upt heir silly croaking about their extravagancies and fooleries; and represent the poor as starving in damp cellars, and crazy garrets, from the half-dawn of their dim dungeons to the twilight of their eternal night; and this, but little removed from even oppressive luxury—just as though it was anything to them!

The price of a shawl, to be sure, would buy a house and lot for a working man; and the cost of an elegant party, would replenish the empty larders of a GOOD MANY honest, moral citizens, who are now congregating at the corners of the city streets, turned out of employment, and left to starve, on account of the "tightness" of the times. But what of that? The good people are only solemnly "infatuated," and may be ranked with the "fanatics" of the nineteenth century.

The idea of being supremely fashionable, is emphatically, identified with General Progress. Indeed, it is distancing our most "taking" reformatory enterprizes. Its elevating influences are rapidly extending from the large cities—those terrible, festering "sores upon the body politic"—to our infantile villages, and our rural districts. And our used-to-be rosy country girls are coming "up" delicately pale, and pensively ephemeral: flitting about the green velvet sidewalks like so many gossamers, marshalling for the responsibilities of a sunbeam parade, and most innocently unaware of the peculiarities of such a "position." Ah, my dear girls, away in the quiet country, take care how you lose your pure gem of a heart, on the glittering fashion bauble. Never think of bartering your Eden graces for the sorrowing, laboring, white-washed gentility of a city belle. Only think for a moment of her drawing-room solicitudes.—What cumbrous magnificence; what purse-draining; what everlasting programmes; what vile endurance among a score of phlegmatic, saucy servants; with ennui, dyspepsia, and hysteria, which even the last new novel cannot dispel. Ay, give me your God-given blooms; your innocence, and your wild-bird joys; your home bowers, free from the tissel, jealousies; flummery and fibbing of the palace of Fashion.

I cannot forget that poor Mrs. Brilliant! At evening, she will encounter her *dear* husband's troubled look as he reluctantly replenishes her porte monnaie, and with a dubious ahem, slightly refers to the doubtful—condition—of "stocks"—and of ——; but never mind. She can only remind him of her maiden home, when she was free from conjugal responsibilities; and that he knew, *before marriage*, what her "position" would require; and that it is ungentlemanly and unkind, now, to hint at *expense*. She will, doubtless, be able to engage his symgathies, by refering him to her pallid cheek—before she has made her toilet—the latter a process as transforming as it is ennobling.

Being a fashionable lady, then, in the intense signification, is not so airy an affair, after all. It is not only unappreciated, but *unremunerated*. It is placing one's soul and body under contribution to a system, unmerciful as it is exacting; a straight rule of prescription and proscription; entitling one to the lasting fame of being shown up, monthly, in full dress, on a choice page of a first-class magazine—a sort of fancy guide-post for a host of imitators, nobody knows who. It is a glorious reputation, of being true to the "f reign and home representation;" the voluminous detail of which, commences with a head-dress, and terminates with prunella. The privilege, also, of perambulating select portions of a city, at certain hours, on gratuitous exhibitions to a gaping crowd, whose brainless admiration contributes not a penny to the "fixins." In short, looking pretty to everybody, all at one's own cost.

A wo d as to the national benefits confered by these ladies, and I close the argument. They encourage commerce and the arts, and keep in healthy motion the curl and perfume enginery of our clerking apparatus—constituting the vertebræ of the dry goods interest and the life-current of the jewel shop. They import beauty, and attraction to the nation, as the Roman ladies did nobility to theirs, by their matronly dignity and heroic virtue. The ultimate advantage is governmental. In a republic like ours, there is no provision for *caste*. There is very little of that gentility about its homely, common-sense way of doing things, which is rather a desideratum in refined society. We have no nobility; but, in its place, does not our "upper ten"—our fashionable aristocracy—come in beautifully, splendidly, if not nobly; a twin sister to the enviable old world rankology; placing the world-famed Young America upon a par with the genteel despotisms of the other hemisphere—does it not?

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dvocate.

The Law to "Protect" Married Women.

DEAR EDITOR—Have you or your readers observed the new law which is now under consideratinn by our Legislature? If not, allow me to suggest it. It is, I think, worthy your notice. You are interested deeply in the emancipating of woman from the tyranny of poverty. This law has a direct bearing on that subject. I say direct—it is not collateral—for it proposes to legislate to the married woman, the right under certain circumstances, to labor and its products. Singular necessity at this time of day, truly! Yet so it is.—But here is this law as is hereinafter excepted.

AN ACT relating to certain duties and rights of husband and wife and parents and children. It provides—

1. That the power of any married woman to bequeath or divide her property by will, shall be restricted, as regards the wife, namely; so that any surviving husband may, against her will, elect to take an estate for life in one-third of her realty, and to have one-third of her clear personal estate absolutely or otherwise, only his tenancy by the courtesy in the whole of her real estate for life except as is hereinafter excepted.

This law remedies a defect in a previous law, which gave women an advantage over men, and on account of this remedy it meets with my entire approval.

Sec. 2. That whensoever any husband from drunkenness or profligacy or other cause shall neglect or refuse to provide for his wife, or shall desert her, she shall have all the rights and privileges to a FEME SOLE trader under the act of the twenty-second of February, one thousand seven hundred and eighteen, entitled, "An Act concerning FEME SOLE traders," and be subject as therein provided, and her property acquired in any business she may respectably carry on, shall be subject to her free and absolute disposal during life or by will, without any liability to be interfered with or obtained by such husband, and in case of her industry shall go to her next of kin, as if he were previously dead.

Sec. 4. That creditors, purchasers and others may with certainty and safety transact business with a married woman under the circumstances aforesaid, she may present her petition to the court of common pleas of the proper county, setting forth, under affidavit, the facts which authorize her to act as aforesaid; and if sustained by the testimony of at least two respectable witnesses and the court be satisfied of the justice and propriety of the application, such court may make a decree and grant her a certificate that she shall be authorized to act, have the power and transact business as herein before provided. And such certificate shall be conclusive evidence of her authority until revoked by such court for any failure on her part to perform the duties of this act made incumbent upon her, which may be ascertained upon the petition of any next friend of her children.

Such is the motive of the bill relating to the labor of married women.

Now upon using your eyes and your ears, upon seeing the flouting mass of millinery, like "linked sweetness, long drawn out," every day sailing down Chestnut street, and up again at an angle of an hour, upon hearing on every hand of the good fortune of women, arising from this secluded and protected position; if you are not convinced, it must be because you are both deaf and blind.—What if 27,000 women are crying for bread in a single city? Are they not proper objects for charity? And what would the world do *without* proper objects of charity? Places or rather depositis for cast-off finery.

It is not enough that we have charity parties donation parties, calico parties, and various gift and benevolent associations, where those who have first made their fortunes off the wages of poor women, may at last deposit a portion of their surplus funds, and thus by a glorious charity, pave their way direct to Heaven! But now, we are to have a law—the acme of all laws which really at the last is about to give the wife the right to transact business. We (I mean the people) have lived I believe, about 1865 years since Christ put forth the glorious precept—the golden rule—"Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."—And something like eighty years since, our nation adopted it as the basis of their government, in the sentiment, "All men are born free and equal, endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, *liberty* and the pursuit of happiness."—And we have yet to learn, in the good old State of Pennsylvania, originating in a religion of brotherly love, that a married woman has a right to her earnings!

It is said that the world moves, and hearing it from so many sources we are obliged to believe it; but oh! how slowly does the conviction come! It has taken 1850 years since the introduction of Christianity, to discover that a married woman is entitled to her inheritance. But even now she is not entitled to her earnings. And what does this law propose? to give them to her out and out? to say to her, you who have daily earned your bread over the seething wash-tub, shall be entitled to receive it? You who have stitched, stitched, night after night, to the "wee small hours of the morning," your pittance shall be yours! No, nothing of the sort. I much fear it will take another 1800 years before this fair state of things can be brought about.

But it proposes, provided the woman will first be a party to the disgrace of her husband, (a pretty preparation this for a blissful life with him afterward,) if she will first present her affidavit to the court of common pleas, and bring two respectable witnesses to attest the fact that her husband is a drunkard or a profligate, or from any cause refuses or neglects to provide for his family, she may upon permission from such court, go into business, and if she *can*, at the low wages at which women are compelled to work, provide sustenance for such family, such family is entitled to it, and not the lazy, or drunken husband, as heretofore. Now we think when she gets as far as this, she might as well go a step further, be quite even, and say to him, you go one way and I will another.—For to think of associating in a loving union any longer, would be absurd.

But this is not all—nor the meanest. The law which is so extremely careful to protect woman so that she may not transgress the bounds of "nature," and thus defy Jehovah, by going into business unnecessarily, provides that a spy be set upon her actions, and that she be constantly crippled, or at least bored by the petty watchings of some interested or disinterested "next friend" of her children. And when we have got this lean calf of Pharaoh's leaner kine, we are expected to be thankful. We are expected to cry Eureka!—it is enough! and with thumbs in mouth play dumb. Well, if so, we should be thankful for very small favors indeed. Not one woman in five thousand would ever avail herself of such a law as that, and ought not. For when it comes to this, that a man is so beastly or so lazy as to compel his wife to this course, it is high time he had quit the cabin. A woman with the slightest self-respect would not live with him, and should not.

But I ask with what propriety do men make—not such laws alone, curtailing the *natural liberty* of the individual, but *any* laws for us? Or if any, how dare they under the full blaze of liberty limit the enterprise of woman, while they protect ank encourage that of men? Twenty-seven thousand women crying for bread, who wonders? What protection is given to female labor? What honor, what reward, what compensation? Whenever the labor of her hands may be taken from her and given to another, upon her daring to commit the crime of matrimony—for crime it must be. Nothing else can be made of it. The law defines natural liberty to be the right of disposing of one's person or property after the manner which he shall judge most consonant to his happiness, so that he do not in any way infringe the right of any other person's liberty. Are not the earnings of a married woman property, and *her* property? By what right then do men legislate them away? How has she forfeited them? Is it by criminallty or by voluntary resignation? For these are the only two recognized ways by which she can forfeit them. Certainly not by voluntary resignation, for not one woman in a thousand knows that she resigns these when she enters the married state.—It is the act of a minor in nine instances out of ten who is not competent to transact business for himself, and is therefore not legal. Besides, what right have they to make a law making this compulsory consequence of the marriage ceremony?—None. Nor will it be argued really that marriage is criminal in a woman. The legislation therefore is an usurpation. It is not law, but despotism.—"An absurd custom, an immoral act of the legislalature cannot be law." These acts are both immoral and absurd; since they deprive the individual of that natural right which pertains to every human being; and a violation of which destroys the validity of any law.

I am every day astonished before such laws as these. It is the most extraordinary legislation ever heard of, and yet it is heard of constantly and scarcely noted—if indeed it be not praised, proving that though

> "Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
> Which to be hated needs but to be seen,
> Yet seen too oft, familiar with its face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

I am utterly confounded at the hypocrisy of this nation, which with one breath declares the inherent laws of our nature, and with the next deprives one half the race of the power to live up to them.

It is dreadful the havoc that is made in the happiness and prosperity of woman by these wretched laws. We have here a nation of about 20,000,000, one half of whom, presuming them to be married, are. under the plea of protection, denied the rights of labor, or, rather bound out to a legal servitude, and the fruits of their labor taken from them and given to another. And yet they are required to support the government that does it; to be peaceable and loving citizens; to bring up their families in the fear of God—families which their husbands may scatter at a breath, while they have not the power to move from him but by his will.

We are willing to grant the full measure of humanity to men, but we say that no human being can be properly intrusted with such power plenipotentiary.

The plea that the husband is compelled to support the wife is all a farce. He is under no requisition to support her; for his liberty being granted him, he can betake himself to the poles or the antipodes; while the liberty of the wife being denied her. he can compel her to support him in ease and pleasure. Most extraordinary protection this indeed.

And the consequence of such laws riveted by custom is, we have women whose fragility is proverbial, over whom disease riots at high carnival—women than whom there are none more helpless or more negative—poor, puerile, weak, interesting, lady-like slaves—legal nonentities, born and flourishing under a night shade of despotism, which, whether it comes from law or custom, withers all enterprise and subdues all independence; the mere negations of humanity—fair but fading—lovely and lustrous but dying, always dying—fleeting as a shadow, with forms that a grasshopper might span at a hop, and to which the weight of a grasshopper is a burden; they are yet expected to perform all the functions of maternity, and oversee all the labors of the household. Gracious heaven! what a task for these fragile beings! Better be beasts of burden, as the Irish woman—far better than the mere hacks of fashionable society.

Go into your grave yards and there learn a lesson which reformers and philosophers in vain attempt to teach. Read there the lying inscriptions on our tomb-stones, telling but half the tale.—Mrs. A., B, and C. snatched away by the providence of God—thus heaping our sins on the shoulddrs of Omnipotence—leaving a helpless babe or a disconsolate husband to mourn her loss. They suffer—but oh! what has she *not* suffered? Could the cold porphyry of the tomb become suddenly invested with the powers of speech, would not its spectre tales of woe draw tears from the flinty earth? Were each body in our cemeteries resurrected, and had each pore in that body a tongue to speak, even they would fail to tell the miseries inflicted by the codjoint-tyrant Law and Custom.

For I insist, that whenever that little speck, called mind exist, it craves action. I ask food; and it is this choking the life-stream at its fount; forbidding it to flow in its natural channel—this putting a check upon impulse, hope, aspiration, genius and humanity—the withdrawal of the most powerful motives that are permitted to cluster around the heart of man, bracing and nerving him to deeds of heroism and true nobility—this confining woman to two or three avocations, leaving her no choice but matrimony, and even in that state divesting her of the panoply of her self-hood—that is crushing not only woman, but by reaction, man also. In our fear "that women will become man, men are becoming what they have decided women should be—they are falling into feebleness which they have so long cultivated in their companions."

The first spring flowers unfolds its blossoms and begs leave to kiss the light, to inhale moisture, and absorb food, as conditions of health and beauty. So the soul of women meekly asks the means of vigor, strength and power, without which life, the untimely flower, it withers and dies. But believe me, this will never come through the curtailing of womans enterprise. The use of the dumb-bells, the practice of callisthenic, of gymnastic, equestrian, and other recreation exercises may answer for a season, but they soon tire. Woman's whole nature, soul and body, needs to be aroused, and the deepest interest enlisted, to make the reform thorough and permanent.

Do not suppose, my dear friend, from what have been written that I regard this law as a bad omen. On the contrary, I welcome it as an indication of the rising conviction in the minds of man, that they are and have been doing us an injustice. But despise this trimming, temporizing, time-serving, half-hearted legislation. 'It is unworthy how men, or even honest politicians, who might be supposed, if any body, to have the true sight. It is not so much legislation that we need, as a blotting out of legislation—a whipping out the word male from our Statute Books. One good honest woman in the legislature, who knew what she was about, would do more toward remedying our condition in the law, than all the politicians in Penn. She would have it at heart—they have not, and there is the difference.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For the Lily.

Unequal Remuneration of Woman's Labor.

BY LAURA A. MACK.

The overreaching and selfish are ever using the labors of the less shrewd, and more honest, for their own interest; this principle carried to a criminal excess gives to the slaveholder the proper person, and entire control of the poor slave, so that *all* the labor the vassal can possible perform, avail him naught. In connection (though in a milder form,) is the unequal remuneration given for woman's labor. She receives but a small mite of what is justly her due—a barbarous custom ever has, and still *continues* to withhold it; and woman *still* continues to ignobly consent to this injustice, because hitherto she has known no better way. but thanks to the light of the present, thousands are now looking this wrong in the face, so that all the present now needs, is a firm and united effort, that will hurl this relict of barbarism from among the daughters of Ameriea.

I repeat, woman, as yet, receives hut a small mite of what is justly hers—thus, the hired man receives as much for plowing, mowing, etc., in one day as the laboring woman has for cooking, washing, mending, cleansing, etc., for *one week*, the time required to perform her services, being six times mor than his; yet she receives, in that time, but ono *sixth part* of what is freely paid to him. Now, why this difference? Surely *necessity* in *this*, as in all other divisions of labor, should ever determine its value. Who does not know that it is just as necessary to prepare food for eating, as it is to assist nature in raising it; just as necessary to cleanse and regulate the house as to pull out thistles and pick off stones from the field? This inequality in the prices of labor prevades all other departments of industry to which woman has access, even those divisions that are the same, and the *services* rendered in them equally as good.

Can woman be otherwise than dependent under such a state of things? She may toil all her life, long, early and late, and for the *mere pittance* she receives, can never secure more than a bare subsistence.

The small remuneration given for woman's labor produces poverty, ignorance, and crime—thus the female teacher receives eight dollars for discharging the same duties for the same time, for which the male receives fifty. This *great* difference makes it almost impossible for the female who relies solely on her own efforts to secure a good, thorough education. Thus, also, with the wives of the vicious and intemperate—their business avocations being so few and poorly paid, that though they would generallychoose to provide decently for their children, and live apart from the vile influences of the inebriate, their small earnings withholds the means, and as a conquence, compels them to drag on together, each year bringing with it only an accumulation of missery and sorrow. Nor is there any offset against the oppressive wrong, the poor widow finds, after weeks and months of labor, that she can barely keep herself and little ones from starvation. But the landlord makes no deduction on the account of his tenant being a *woman*; on the contrary, he demands every cent of his quarterly dues—and if she cannot meet them, herself and hapless family are thrust out to meet the pitiless storm, penniless, therefore friendless. A female teacher who arduously performed the duties of her calling, for the space of five years, though practicing strict economy, could not save the small sum of sixty dollars—when at last, through the strict performanee of those duties, a severe illness attacked her; the medical attendants she thought advisable to call to her aid, made *no deduction* when sending to her their bills; the idea never once came into their minds that though she was a woman, and on that *account* could receive but little, that, therefore, she was unable to pay but little.—In view of these fact, who does not see that this relict of a barbarous custom that witholds from woman, what is justly hers, has existed long enough. How it can be speedily removed, is an important question. Would that it might be so *thoroughly* discussed that all common sense women would at once, and unitedly demand justice in this particular; would that their motto might become speedily, "full pay, and work done accordingly," or "one sixth of the pay shall receive only *one-sixth* of the work done." An isolated female now, and then demanding her just and equal dues, will not effect this desired reform. Unity of action, and firmness of effort is what we want, combined with an enlightened public sentiment; and those who strengthen the former, and strive to secure the latter, are wielding one of the greatest *moving powers*, by which woman's social and moral elevation is to be secured.

Westburg, N. Y.

For the Lily.

IMPROPER EDUCATION OF WOMAN.

Is it not evident that the present position that woman occupies in society, is the result of her improper and defective education, and the erroneous principles on which that education is founded—Consider her moral, physical, and intellectual training from infancy to adult years, and we find that it is predicted upon the assumed and erroneous hypothesis, that instead of the "*better half of creation*," she is not even a medium half; that she is merely an attache, a weak, dependent and inferior branch—incapable, by nature, of self-reliance or of self-protection, and, consequently, of self independence, and individual rights. That all her attributes are merely the reflection, like the rays of a secondary from the superior planet, Man. That she is abstractly considered, but part and parcel of man; and instead of possessing within herself a distinct and separate individuality, she is totally destitute of any such attribute, and must remain so until she is fortunate or unfortunate enough to find a head to control, a heart to feel, and an arm to protect her headless, heartless, and puny being.

That now, as formerly, man is created male and female; and that his elevations to society and the world will never reach the ultimate design of his being, until his condescending ear has received the confiding *vow* of some weak, dependent, trustful, and, perchance, romantic fragment of himself, that "she will love, cherish and obey, and in all things *prove faithful to him*, as a part of himself, so long as they shall both live."

Let the objectors cavil as they may, or those who pander to fashion and popularity, varnish over the present order of society, yet the facts remain the same, and from this false theory, extending through every ramification of society, results the present unnatural and unjust relation between man and woman therein.

Admitting the truth of the above hypothesis, which seems incontrovertable, how can the evils that have ever weighed so heavily upon woman in society, be eradicated, but by expunging those false principles from the theory of her existence in the world.

If the poisonous Upas is to be destroyed, should not the root be attacked and annihilated, leaving the branches aud foilage to perish as an inevitable consequence. And in order to do this, is it not necessary to premise, in every effort, put forth for the amelioration of the condition of woman in society—that in every respect relating to her physical organization, she is as perfect as any being in animated nature—and that if the varied and exalted attributes developed as the result of that organization is a test of its perfection, she is, of a truth, the "better-half of creation."

True, there may not be the same amount of matter deposited in her muscular fibre, especially in the present degenerate age, and consequently, less physical force and power. But if this power is to give pre-eminence, let man, himself, give place to many of the brute animals that far excede him.—But in the brain and nervous system, all scientific research demonstrates her perfection to be equal to the highest order of animated beings, and the attributes which manifest themselves in her capacity of mother, exalt her above all other.

Then why, in her infantile years, should she be trained a little prude? Why dread and deprecate the boiden? Why exclude her from the open air and field sports, which would develope and invigorate both physical and mental powers? Why not encourage the boisterous and exhiliorating laugh or bird-like song, that gush forth from her young life, like the bounding and phantastic brooklet over rock and pebble, expanding. enlarging, and giving tone and power to the vital system that supports her very being? Why not clothe her in garments conducive to those developments, and convenient for those exercises? Why constantly and eternally inculcate the idea of weakness and dependence, instead of independence and self-reliance? What has not woman accomplished by physical energy, when sufficiently excited to call forth her every effort? Let the history of the past answer, and then compare the respond with mans most noble and vaunted feats; and does she suffer by the contrasts? And will her mental efforts suffer more by the contrast when her energies have been called out and developed to the full extent of her capacities for improvement? Then why call her weak and dependent? If she is so, it is because a perverted public opinion, based on errors, has made her such; and that opinion is fraught with the entire catalogue of woman's wrongs.

But woman is what surrounding circumstances has made her; and, as a mass, she will remain what she is, until those circumstances are changed by a revolution in the principles that control them.—Truth must be substituted for error, and facts for theories. It is not strange that some think woman cowardly—but is not her hesitancy in coming out in advocacy of her own rights and the redress of her grievances, the necessary result of an erroneous conscience, produced by improper culture? Does she think she has grievances, or even rights? It is as natural for the mass, although suffering under a system of civil and domestic relations, that barely remove them from the condition of vassalage, to assert that "they have now all the rights they want," as that cause shall produce effect.—Has not their erroneous education established that conviction in their minds—and have they yet unlearned their error. No doubt the statement is from a full conviction of its truth, and is the effect of the cause I have adduced.

But educate woman as an independent, intelligent, and self-reliant being. Let her every training and cultivation be such as to develope her organization to the full extent that nature is susceptible of—educate her morally, mentally, and phyically—give all her capacities full scope—open the fields of the arts and sciences to her eager and aspiring genious, not only, but the literal fields for the exercise of her physical powers—place no let or hinderance in the way of her selecting any occupation or industrial pursuits for a livelihood, and with truth and facts demonstrated, occupying her thoughts in place of vain theories, and visionary, romantic, and often erroneous phantasm; she will, from the nature of things, at once take the position in society that nature designed her to occupy; and will indeed become a help-mete for man. And he will have this problem demonstrated to him, the solution of which he has never dreamed—that although man, in his relations with world, is superior to all created beings, yet woman is in no sense or circumstance his inferior. True this solution may work important revolutions, and change some of the ancient land-marks in society, and extend its effects through all its ramifications, but "let truth and falsehood grapple, who ever knew her put to the worst in a free and open encounter"

VERITAS.

March, 1855.

For the Lily.

Chivalry vs. Woman's Enfranchisement.

NUMBER TWO.

In a former number, we commenced to look after the arguments of the Reviewer against Woman's Rights, and upon which he throws himself with so much self-complacent satisfaction. We have said that he seemed to have associated the abolition of negro slavery and woman slavery, for the purpose of forming a starting point for his argument, comportable with his ideas of the importance of the case. But we should have said, and now do say that it is more probable that he assumed that position so as to use against the woman one and the same argument, as against the negroes. In accordance with such apparent purpose, he asserts that it is claimed on the part of the women "that the distinctions of sex and color are accidental, and irrelevant to all questions of government," and that all their pretensions are based upon that proposition. He puts together the women and the negroes in the same category, and then pitches into both, with blood-hound instincts and ferocity.

In the first place, he pronounces the proposition extremely illogical, and in order to show it so, proceeds to illustrate that sex and color are not accidental. Upon this point he concludes the expression of his more than earthly wisdom, with this sage remark, "Sex and color are severally so essential to the being of a woman and a negro—that it is impossible to imagine the existence of either without these distinctive marks."

This is wonderful—not the abstraction asserted, but the capacity which discovered it. And here begins and here ends his reasoning. Of course, we simple mortals have nothing to do but to understand that as sex and color are not accidental, therefore all questions of government are beyond the rights of woman. It is as clear as mud—his conclusion not only against woman's logic, but against woman's rights. It may fail to convince the strong-minded women, but they cannot doubt the profundity of its author.

After such a brilliant display of his reasoning powers, one naturally enough might have expected that imitating those ephemeral existences which make one splendid dash in the sun-light and then vanish forever, he would have disappeared. Such was not his destiny. His being seems to have had in prospect another end. He gives another touch, philosophy and logic mixed.

He starts by saying that is impossible to consider the point of equality or inequality. in beings created to different ends. What he means by that he explains in this way: That woman, considered as man, is inferior to man; and man, considered as woman, is inferior to woman. They are neither inferior, nor superior, nor equal—they are different." In all this he but utters truisms. They are obvious enough to need no discussion, and broad enough to sustain the whole fabric of woman's claims to social and political equality; and that comprehend's the whole subject of the Woman's Rights agitation.

The reviewer uttered the truisms we have above in reference to the question of peculiar aptitudes to one and another calling, for the purpose of showing that there are duties imposed upon the one sex which the other cannot so well, if at all, discharge. He persists that this is the point of view from which we should regard the subject in determining whether woman is entitled to be heard in the councils of society and of governments, or whether she shall continue to be a slave; and he gets so zealous upon this point, that he looses his temper and petulantly exclaims, "In the name of all that is foolish, what shall we consider, if not the aptitude of a person or thing to his or its uses?" There is more truth than poetry in the propriety of his appeal to the folly of this world, for the foolish only can see any connection between individual occupations and individual political rights. They alone can be his auditors and partisans, and it was sensible in him to appeal to them by name, and it is about the only sensible thing he has uttered from beginning to end.

One moment's reflection will be sufficient to convince any other class except those to whom he so emphatically appeals, that there neither is nor can be any possible connection between occupation and rights. No government on earth ever incorporated or undertook to incorporate such a principle into its policy; much less is such an idea admissable where the leading feature is, that the powers of government are only justly derived from the consent of the governed. The law-maker and the shoemaker here side by side, and not unfrequently both occupations are impersonated in the same individual. Governors and Presidents, Judges and Chancellors, in the matter of personal rights are in no-way exalted above those who perform the lowest of manual operations. No such consideration lies at the foundation of woman's exclusion. Make that the criterion—let the dividing line between those who are and those who are not enfranchised, in accordance with any such standard that can possibly be adopted. and the distinctions of sex will be found utterly out of the question. It is hardly possible to conceive of that degree of foolishness, at all above idiotcy, which would for a moment fail to see that if individual aptitudes were to determine individual rights, sex would form no part of the question; and that those who exhibit their pugnacity against the women in that way, only exhibit the ludicrous spectacle of an attempt to bite their own noses off. In seeking security under such a cover, like the ostrich in guarding itself from danger by thrusting its head under its stubby wing, the ugly carcass is only the more exposed to view.

It is enough upon this point that it is admitted that there are wrongs to be redressed and evils to be corrected in regard to the relative employments of men and women. But what shall be the occupation, what the calling, and in what manner each shall perform his or her part in the exigencies of life, ordinary and extraordinary, will be better decided and better settled, in the great convention of practical life, wherein woman shall be properly and fairly represented; and each generation will be able to do that business for itself, as well, if not better, than its predecessors; only leave the future a free field for action. The old fogies of the present age are not called upon to act as guardians of such a period. It is not, therefore, the proximate purpose of woman's rights reforms so much to point out and correct the evils which have resulted as incidents to her and to society from her being deprived of direct action in the construction and direction of governments, as to secure for her in the future such right of action, and leave her to exercise it as she pleases. Those who have not faith in the intelligence of woman, who distrust her fidelity to the great interests of humanity, do well not to go along with the movement. But in taking that course, they would show far better sense if they would say nothing about aptitudes to ends and means. Men who will entrust such responsibilities to the veriest dolt that ever simpered, to the veriest wretch that ever escaped unhung, and to the most disgusting incorporation of filth that ever wallowed in the gutter, when they come to express themselves against the propriety of putting the same faith in their mothers, their wives and their daughters, had better say nothing of their notions of aptitude. And unless they can reason better, they should not reason at all, nor make attempts in that direction, but trust to their only reliable weapons, the dogmatical expression of opinions, and the crack of the whip. To negro slaves that is law and gospel, and the end of both, and no reasons are required. The Reviewer claims the same virtues for Southern women, and we cannot dispute him.

SENEX.

For the Lily.

THE DEAD WIFE.

How incomparable the bereavement! All others, compared, are trifles. The wife—she who fills so large a space in the domestic heaven—she who is busied so unweariedly in the home sphere! Bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay. You stand beside her coffin, and think of the past. It seems an amber colored pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars glittered overhead. Fain would the soul linger there—No thorns are remembered above that clay, save those your hand may have unwittingly planted.—Her noble, tender heart, lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty and purity. But she is dead! The dear head that laid upon your bosom rests in the still darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The hands that have ministered so untiringly, are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portals. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love, lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles, bend now above her with tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

Thorntown, Ind. ROSE.

For the Lily.

A SUGGESTION.

I would suggest a few thoughts to you, my dear Mrs Birdsall, and through you to some of the correspondents of the Lily—not wishing to find fault, for, so far, I am well pleased. Yet as everything has a progressive tendency in our day, (or ought to have,) for light is shining and exposing to our view the dark corners of the earth that no longer have we any excuse for standing still in our ignorance; and as I am anxious to see the leaves of the Lily reflecting truly the minds of those who breathe upon it, I am prompted to offer a few remarks, thereby advocating a cause in which I feel a deep interest.

I suggest that woman, energetic as she is, should show the strength and power of her intellect, not only in the manner, but in the matter by which she promotes her interest through the medium of your interesting little sheet. Let the world see that it is not only her right and duty to stand forth her own champion, but in doing this, she is capable of *all* she has undertaken. That the woman's rights cause should be illustrated by stories portraying her wrongs, is right, I am well aware, producing facts that reach the heart, and bringing conviction to every thinking mind. I would not exclude them from its leaves if I could. But what I would propose is, that if any of your correspondents would, (I will not say *could*,) furnish an essay upon some scientific subject, it would be very acceptable to some of your readers—evincing that her educational endowments are keeping pace with her natural abilities—that in this, as in originality of thought, she is man's equal. I hope, then, that some of our educated ladies will set the example—writing short essays upon mental, moral and natural philosophy, physiology, geology, botany, chemistry, or any science that may suit their fancy, for in science, as in reform, every one has his or her hobby, as it is called—not wishing to be understood that they should go into a nice analysis of the sciences, but merely to say enough of them, to lure the minds of the thinking and uneducated to their beauties—in other words, to their importance, and the good effect they produce in forming the intellectual character; for no matter how rich in thought, how fluent in language, or how witty and original a lady may be, if she is ignorant of science, her intellectual character is but half formed—the writer of this knowing from experience what she is writing.

I have been led into this train of thought by reading an essay on Agricultural Education. by B. C. Hobbs, in the Richmond Palladium. It would be gratifying to read some such thoughts breathed upon the Lily, causing it to spread forth its leaves in all the strength and vigor of intellectual health and beauty, sending forth a mental perfume to all who inhale its odors. R. S.

RICHMOND, IND.

[Our pages are open to communications upon the subjects mentioned by R. S, and we hope our talented friends will remember that their good thoughts on art, science, or indeed any subject of "interest to woman," will find a welcome and a good medium to thousands of readers, through the Lily's columns.—ED.]

☞ An important suit under the present liquor law was decided in Terre Haute on Tuesday. It seems that a liquor seller had sold a man brandy, from the effect of which he fell into the canal, causing congestion. from which he died. The jury awarded the plaintiff, (widow of the deceased,) damages to the amount of *five hundred dollars*. A righteous verdict.

For the Lily.

No One to Work.

"My dear," said Dr. Tremble to his wife, on the third morning of her confinement to a temporary illness, brought on by excessive fatigue, "I will try every family in the neighborhood if I cannot sooner get some one to take care of the children, and do our little housework until you get well. Yesterday and day before, I went to all the places I thought it likely that I could procure a girl, but all to no purpose. But I must try again—it is impossible for us to get along without some help.

Accordingly, as soon as possible, the Doctor started on his errand, and meeting a friend in the road, before he had gone far, he reigned in his horse, exclaiming quickly and anxiously,

"Good morning, Mr. Smith. Can you tell me where I can get a girl to do house work? My wife has been sick for three days, and I can get no one to do the house work for us."

"Really, that is a pity, said Mr. Smith, sympathizingly. Have you tried Yates'? they have two young women there."

"Yes."

"At Baldwin's, or Moore s or Flint's, or Moon's? There are girls at all those places that have but little to do, and some of them have very little of this world's goods to depend upon."

"Yes, I have tried all those places, and the same answer was given to me, 'That their daughters did not go out to do kitc en work.' Some said that if Mrs. Tremble had any needle work to do, and would send it over, they could do it for her. But fiddle-sticks on the needle-work—I don't want needle-work done—I want some one that will do the work for little Fred and myself, and keep my wife's room comfortable; she needs nothing but a little care. She over-worked herself at the wash ing, the other day, and is now fast in bed; but rest from toil and care will restore her to health. I wish that I could find some one that would either for love or money, help us in this emergency."

"Well, there are three grown daughters at farmer Watson's, just across the way yonder, who have so little to do at home that they are almost constantly in the village, attending parties and the like. I should think that one of them would certainly assist Mrs. Tremble."

This place the Dr. had not before thought of, and much encouraged at the thought of getting some one to administer to the creature comforts of his household, he started off at a fresh trot.—He soon arrived at farmer Watson's door. Hastily alighting, with quick step he ascended the rickety door-steps.

"Good morning, Mrs. Watson. I called to see if I could get one of your daughters to do housework for us a few days. I am willing to give any price for it. My wife is sick and we must have some one to do the little cooking that Freddy and I need, and extend a little care to Mrs. Tremble, who I think will be able to be up in a few days."

"Ch! dear Doctor—massy on me, alive man—you have no idea how feeble my darters are. They wouldn't be tough enough, any way. They couldn't stand it to do housework at all! Anna Mariah has got a desprit lame side, and I don't put her to doing any thing, she's so feeble! She dar'nt put her hands in cold water at all; and there's Malinda Arabella has a dreadful epsipsa. Why, Doctor, she's such a weak stomach. she dar'nt eat anything if 'taint cooked jist so. She never gets up till most noon, and then can't make her own bed. And Sophrona Jemima she's troubled with sich a palpitation of her heart that she can't mix the cake batter without ketchin' her breath," and Mrs. Watson stopped to take a long breath herself, and then continued, "Why don't you get an Irish girl?—they're robust and hearty. My darters are brought up tenderly, and I don't mean they shall go into any one's kitchen."

With this the disappointed Doctor bade Mrs. Watson good morning, and further pursued his search for some one to do housework. About dark he succeeded in getting a married woman, who brought two little children with her, and consented to stay until she could do some cooking for the family.

This, dear reader, is no fancy picture; and many similar circumstances have occurred in other places as well as in the neighborhood of ———.

But let us investigate the feebleness of Mrs. Watson's daughters. These girls were strong enough, (though thin and pale they were, indeed,) to bear the compression of their chest until both lungs had not more room than one should have had; to carry some twenty-five or thirty yards of merino, muslin and flannel, with a good proportion of batting and cording, swung round their hips to the utter obstruction of the natural functions of the vital and most delicate organs of their systems. They could bear the close confinement of over-heated and crowded concert halls, the atmosphere of which was poison to all who inhaled it. They could stand it admirably to dance six and seven consecutive hours, with but little intermission—then go forth from the hot, close ball-room, at the chilly hour of midnight, (their bodies in a state of fusion,) on the cold, damp streets, with thin slippers on their feet, bare arms, low-neck dresses, with perhaps their mantles thrown loosely over their shoulders; and add to this, they would read novels until near midnight, then drowsily slumber, encompassed in feathers, until near noon, drink strong coffee, eat hot cakes, rich gravies and cucumber pickles, and between meals a good portion of chalk, charcoal and the like; which, with the half bath that their face and hands get in tepid water, and the close bending over patched up finery for the next evening's parade, completed the careful rearing of Mrs. Watson's fine "darters."

And this is the manner in which too many of the daughters of our land are reared. And oh, mothers, will you not turn your attention to this matter? Will you not provide for the lovely being unto whom you have given existence, an education that will give to them physical and intellectual strength and vigor.

Provide them with rooms into which the light of the sun shall have full liberty to come—teach them to know that God has given the light of the sun for their use, and the darkness of night for repose of body and mind. Instead of novels and sickly romances, give them untarnished truth, as delineated in history—teach them to look for the beauty of the world in the poet's heavenly page—make them conversant with all that is beautiful and good in Nature, and make them understand that for proper enjoyment and usefulness, they must be acquainted with the laws of their physical being in order that they may obey those laws.—Teach them to know that woman's proper sphere is that in which she can do the most good—and that it is her duty to seek that sphere, and labor to the utmost of her ability in it.

It is perfectly right that every woman should as much as is in her power, acquaint herself with the fine arts, the mysteries of every branch of mathematics, and the treasures of nature unfolded by the natural sciences—be able to draw from the most complicated instrument sweet strains of music, and delineate with the pencil beautiful images from her own imagination, or transfix on the canvas those of fair Nature's handiwork.

And all this need not in anywise prevent her being a thoroughly indoctrinated and practical housewife.

HELEEA.

Richmond, Ind.

For the Lily.

THOUGHTS.

"If those who cluster round the altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles, how beautiful is earth."

Is it not because man and woman, who at the same hearth stone enkindle the fires of their own domestic joys or sorrows, too often forget to place thereon, as a thank-offering, pure and grateful hearts, that peace and joy come not. but in their stead discord and unhappiness? Man has *there* too often looked upon woman as an inferior, a part of whose existence is to be merged in contributing to his enjoyments, rather than as an *equal* whose individual rights are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But truth has not taught in vain, nor have mercy and justice plead for naught. The darkness of the past, is fleeing before the light of the present, and the future will bring the bright and joyous fruition of our hopes.

When man and women first learn the laws of their physical and moral natures, when lives of usefulness supersede in our system of education a love for fashionable follies or vices, *then* the work is half completed; when, too, a purer faith, that is not made of creeds, but of good and tangible actions—when under *its* teachings around the domestic hearth, Love and Truth come daily and administer, *then* will become a beautiful and ever-living reality, what now too often exists only as a picture in the poet's mind.

LAURA A. MACK.

Westbury, N. Y.

For the Lily.

T My Mother.

Mother, dear, the bloom has faded
From thy lip and cheek,
And thy auburn hair is threaded
With the silver streak.
Vigor from thy step departed—
Lustre from thine eye,
And the time when thou must leave us,
Surely draweth nigh.

Yearnings for thy absent children
Nightly vigils kept,
Mourning for the cherub trio
Who so early slept
That unbroken dreamless slumber
Which shall be our own,
When a few more joys and sorrows
We on earth have known.

Thus thy strength and bloom was wasted
And oft unconsciously
Have we added to thy trials
By our thoughtless glee—
Dreaming not that heart so faithful
Felt for us a pang,
Or those ready hands could weary,
Nerved by love so strong.

Naught but gratitude undying,
Can such love repay;
All that gratitude to tell,
How vainly I essay;
But that of life's ills and changes,
Light may be thy share,
And thy evening sky be cloudless,
Is my earnest prayer.

E. E. B.

For the Lily.

FORT WAYNE, Feb. 20, 1855.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL—A few days ago, by your kind remembrance, I received three copies of the Lily. Right glad was I again to inhale its rich perfume, and to learn that its petals were hereafter to expand to the breeze in our own Hoosier State.

For years it has shed its fragrance over the Eastern part of our country, and now it is also to mingle its blossoms with those bright lilies that each returning spring clothe the forests of this beautiful West—but with this difference: while they, after having matured their annual flowering, return to mother earth to await the genial influence of the next spring's rays to warn them into life and splendor, it knows no decay—it is a perpetual bloomer. Each flower comes richly laden with the dews of temperance—the faithful chronicler of the progress of its principles, and bearing many a weary heart the cheering evidences of woman's appreciation of the fact that the true interests of the human family demand an enlarged physical and mental cultivation.

Mothers, in order to transmit healthy, vigorous constitutions, must understand the laws of their own being, and consider their obligations to their offspring, as paramount to the exactings of tyrannical custom. Shut out, as they are, by a false estimate of propriety, during the expanding and perfecting of the bud of humanity from those cheerful and health-producing exercises which invigorate the physical being, and by their social tendency cultivate that cheerful vivacity of feeling, which will ensure happy dispositions when the spiritual shall be clothed with the physical, and that independent existence shall be established which perpetuates the ceaseless onward march of creation. For, after all that may be said about reforming people, experience proves it hard to change those whose habits are permanently formed, with unfavorable influences continually sur-

rounding them. This shows the importance of attention to the laws of *maternity*. that the next generation may have better starting points than we had.

I feel rejoiced to believe that the Lily will lose none of its temperance influence by being transplanted to *your care*. Now is an important crisis in our State, to keep the public mind alive so as to ensnre the enforcing of the prohibitory law, when it shall come into effect, will require constant action of the friends of the measure.

We have lately been favored by a visit from Miss Lucretia P. Wright, of Ohio. She lectured three times last week, every succeeding lecture surpassing the other in interest and eloquence.—Never so large an audience convened in Fort Wayne for the discussion of a moral subject. She goes to Lima, Ohio, carrying with her the prayers of the friends of temperance, that success may attend her worthy efforts in behalf of the poor victims of the rum traffic.

Last evening the Hon. Horace Mann lectured in this place. I havo not time to speak of the lecture, more than to say that it was every way equal to the high anticipations formed of him as a profound philosopher and an eloquent spe[illegible].

Yours, in haste,

M.F. THOMAS.

For the Lily.

Change.

BY L. A. MACK.

We live in a world of changes. Everywhere the eoe rests, change is written upon all things it beholds, from the tall forest trees in their bright green draperies, to their rich autumnal tints. Upon the infant that prattles in its low cradle-bed, to the matured man whose eloquence thunders from the pulpit and the forum The *mind*, too, is ever changing, catching at new thoughts, and drinking in new aspirations—it is one moment tortured with grief, or darkened with despair—the *next* gladdened with joy, or made buoyant with hope. Happy he who amid all changes, both from the outer and inner world, selects the true from the false, *ever* adhering to the one, and rejecting the other.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., APRIL 1, 1855.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EUNICE SEWELL has our thanks for her very kind aid.

R. H. C. MURRAY—Much obliged. Were all our patrons as clever as you, we should get along not only well, but very well.

C. V. PARTELLO is credited for two years. All right, and Lily now forwarded to Washington City.

Our friend S. JEWETT will please notice our acknowledgment of *two letters* in Lily for March 1

E T. BLACKFAN—We not only like thy *actions*, but the savor of thy *wish*.

A. DOWNING is a regular friend of ours. Those fourteen names, and the accompanying remittance in par funds, came safely and she will please accep our thanks.

A FRIENDLY CHAT.

We are so rich in good wishes, generous aid and excellent contributions that we shall be obliged to miserly *lay up* a little, our little paper refusing to carry so much, on its long journeys to the homes of our friends in the numerous sections of our country. Lily, by the way, is a great traveler, and we feel no misgivings, as to her goodly reception, as we fasten on her outward habitiments, and send her out like the gentle dove of old, to find a place for her foot to rest, unwarshed by the lethe of fogyism, or that her serious earnestness will fail to command the love, respect and attention, of all she may meet in her journeyings. Free *Truth* is her prompter, *Faith* and *Hope* her guides, and heart-warm Sympathy and Love, her motive powers.

And we feel proud that so *many* are willing to give us aid and comfort from the rich store-house of their minds' experience and ability; and ere long we hope ourself, to have more leisure for study and investigation, adding steadily, more variety to our columns and strength to the matter.—The long and beautiful summer days are coming, times for thought as well as action; time for communion with not only friends, but gloriously clad nature, which will be thought-creating and ennobling, to all disposed, to drink with silent acceptation, her holy inspiration. We hope during the pleasant seasons to be even *more* liberally sustained with excellent contributions from those whose hearts beat simultaneously with our own in sympathy and zeal for the furtherance of all that will better the condition of our race. Thus far our simi-monthly visits have been generously received; may we thus, through the year, be aided and sustained.

Notices of Good Journals.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE—We have received a number of this handsome weekly, published in Philadelphia, Anne E. McDowell, editor—$2 per annum. Clubs of ten will be furnished for $15, of twenty for $25, and thirty or more to one address, for one dollar a copy.

It is devoted to the elevation of the Female Industrial classes, and produced exclusively by the joint stock capital, energies and industry of females" A noble purpose, indeed, and the Advocate is one of which the women of our land may well be proud. We hope our Western ladies will do their part to sustain it. It is well worth the subscription price.

THE MILAN FREE PRESS—Cullation and Crane, editors—comes to us with a kind "please exchange.' It seems to be an earnest temperance advocate, and a good family news-bringer.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM—A monthly paper for the little folks, edited by that charming writer, Grace Greenwood. It is published in Philadelphia, and is only fifty cents per year. Our Western people will please remember to transmit either gold or Eastern paper currency, as nearly *all* our Western money is at such a heavy discount. Subscriptions to be sent to Leander R. Lippincott, Philadelphia, post paid.

It is a capital little paper; it will make the boys love home better, and add greatly to the happiness of our little girls. Which one of our Matties, or Marys, or Kates, or Emilies will come up to-day to the Lily office, and get a specimen number, and then get up a nice large club, and either we or some of their frieuds will forward it to the publishers. We will gladly help about it. Don't fail, some or all of you, to show us your merry eyes, immediately. The Little Pilgrim, or "Barefoot Boy," has travels, descriptions, tales and historic sketches, with very sweet poetry for the older children, and always something attractive for those "wee darlings" who have to be *read to*

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—That prince of newspapers, the Semi-Weekly Tribune, pays us its regular and frequent visits. He who wants news, and plenty of it, be he who he may, should send to Horace Greely, New York, for one of his papers.

The Daily Tribune is sent to mail subscribers at six dollars per annum.

The Semi-Weekly Tribune—Three dollars per annum; two copies for $5; five copies for $11 25.

The Weekly Tribune is $2 per annum; three copies for $5; five copies for $8; ten copies for $12; twenty, when sent to one address, $20.

CHRISTIAN FEMALE LIBERALITY—We had the pleasure last week of publishing an acknowledgment by the Bishop of Pennsylvania of the receipt of the handsome sum of $800 from a lady, signing herself "X," to be devoted under his direction to various Church objects. We are happy to state that the Bishop has appropriated $150 of it to the Advancement Society of this diocese.

A pious Southern lady, who also modestly withholds her name, in paying for copies of the *Banner* to several of our domestic Missionaries, says:

"I only wish my ability to serve were equal to my will in this matter—there would be fewer of CHRIST'S shepherds suffe ing such mental as well as bodily privations. Yes, how holy, how blessed, is such suffering! But although the martyr-spirit may be strong in them, what should their grief be whose selfishness or niggardliness renders his labour of love so full of hardship and sorrow! Ah, they have yet to learn the ineffable joy of an act of self-denial, which has carried a little more sunshine to the home and heart of one who has doubtless, in his turn, given up all else in order to 'save a soul alive. May they learn full soon, and well, how much more blessed it is to give, than to receive!"—*The Banner of the Cross.*

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE—The Fifth Annual commencement of the Female Medical College of Pennsyvania, located at 249 Arch St, took place on Saturday last, at the College building, although no public notice was given, a large audience was assembled to witness the ceremonies. The professor Charles D. Cleveland, conferred the degree of M. D. upon the following graduates:—

Emeline Horton, Cleland, N. Y.; Samantha S. Nivison, N. Y.; Mary E. Smith, N. Y.; Eliza L. S. Thomas, Ohio; Emily A. Varney, Vt.; Phila Osgood, Wilmarth, Mass.

The Valedictory address to the graduating class was delivered by Mark G. Kerr, M. D., Professor of Materia Medica. The sixth annual announcement is already issued, in which the faculty assure their friends, that the prospects of the Institution continue to improve. The sixth annual session will commence on Wednesday, Oct. 3d, 1855.

For The Lily.

"CROSS NOT THE RUBICON."

BY G. W. KNAPP.

"Cross not the Rubicon"—your conscience commands—
If once you venture o'er,
How many, many more
May follow in your track, away to sinful lands.

Cross not this Rubicon, into the land of sin;
If once you mount the shore,
You're almost sure to explore
The darkest dens and caves as wide extent within.

Cross not the Rubicon—once Hagael, Lyria's king,
Exclaimed, when told before,
How he should wade in gore,
'But what! am I a *dog*, that I should do this thing?"

Cross not the Rubicon, or you, like Hagael, may,
When on the other brink,
Do that from which you'd shrink,
And at the thought now start with horror and dismay!

Cross not the Rubicon, I say to one and all;
That nice dividing line,
Where sensuous gulfs decline,
And pleasure's waters turn away to seas of gall!

Cross not the Rubicon—but few have e'er come back
And staid on Virtue's side,
But almost all abide
Upon that baneful shore, with morals inky black.

☞ This welcome to Mrs Pierson was unintentionallo omitted last week.

A Warm Welcome to the contributions of Lydia Jane Pierson, a lady whose name has commanded our respect for years. Had we known her address, we should have solicited her aid sooner. She will please accept our thanks, and receive the assurance of a hearty welcome whenever she is disposed to lend the aid of her influence and her capable pen to *right* the *wrongs* of woman.

The following sweet lines are sent us by quite a young lady. May her heart always possess the precious power of *finding things to love*—for in that lies the magic power that makes us *grow good* and happy:

THINGS I LOVE.

I love the brilliant sunlight,
That glistens through the trees,
I love the gentle zephyr,
The softly sighing breeze

I love the flowers that blossom
Beside the dancing rills.
I love the lowly valleys,
The grand and lofty hills.

I love the moon which rises,
The gorgeous queen of night;
Dark shadows flee before her,
She bathes the earth with light.

Oh! all is bright and lovely,
Far as the eye can see,
But listen, there is something
That's dearer far to me.

'Tis the hearth where loved ones gather,
With gentle look, and word;
'Tis the tender voice which never
In anger can be heard.

'Tis the heart that when the shadows
Of sorrow, gather, nigh,
Beats warm as when the sunbeams
Are glistening in the sky.

'Tis the hand that's ever ready
To help when in distress.
'Tis the lip that never opens,
Except to cheer and bless.

Then let each word and action,
Be ruled by love alone;
Then home will be a paradise,
Where shadows are unknows.

Cardington, March 8th, 1855. CINDA.

Messrs. Editors: If in accordance with your convenience, I should like to be informed through the medium of your valuable paper, how the law now stands in relation to decedents. I have heard various opinions expressed, but want to know the true state of facts.

I fully believe every man of sound mind has the privilege, and it is his right to make his will whilst in health; but where any fail in this duty, let the law be compassionate—remember the widow in her affliction.

I have often wondered why it is that the law is so much more favorable to men than women. Is it because man makes the laws. A few years ago there was a woman in our town, who had acquired by her own industry, sewing and teaching school, about $2000. She married, and in a few months was left a widow. Her husband failing to make a will, the law compelled her to divide her hard earnings with his brothers and sisters. Can such a law be just? God forbid. J. C. E.

We clip the above from the last Palladium. We would like to hear a concise reply from some of the *law-makers* themselves. If there is *any good* in our law of decedents, we would like to see it. We wait for a reply.

New Jersey again fails in securing the Maine Law. Her Senate defeats it by one vote. The Temperance people of New York can appreciate the feelings of the friends there. They have been over the same ground—have seen victory almost within their grasp, and been compelled to fall back before the host of rum—hosts led on by traitors to all the best interests of society. But there, as it has ever been in New York, the true friends of the cause waver not. With the announcement of defeat, the *Reformer* rings out the clarion cry of batttle—"Hope on, toil on, pray on, one more such onset, and the victory is ours!" Aye! we repeat the cry. Close up the ranks—hope on, toil on, pray on, and "God defend the Right!"—*Cayuga Chief.*

The Prohibitory law *was not defeated* in the Delaware Senate. It goes into effect the 1st of June. We congratulate our friends in that State. They have won a noble triumph.—*Cayuga Chief*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Martha Hopkins, Lucy A. B. Bears, M. S. Severance, C. M. Palen, Jesse Anthony, George C. Clark, Amanda R. Cox, Irving M. Lyon, Martha M. Chittenden, Dr. A. Clark, Eunice Sewell Hannah H. Estep, P. D. Thompson, Lydia Allen, Joel Lankton, Sylvia Burr, R. H. C. Murray, W. J. Randall, J. H. Foster, Jane Ewing, John Gaylord, J. Maria Shaver, Maggie E. Swayne, Mrs. Manly Cobb, Mary Hindman, M. A. Sharp, Myra Brainard, N. Doan, Laura P. Rice, M. E. Pennock, E. Butler, J. L. McGorr, E. K. Blackfand, A. Downing, A. S. Reidel.

Dr. A. Clack, from Farmington, Ill., writes that the ladies of that town have organized a "*Ladies Maine Law Society.*" It numbers about six hundred members; Mrs. J. H. Hickman, President. We hope to hear of their proceedings.

EPHRAIM H. SANFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Notary Public, Real Estate, Life and Fire Insurance Agent. Collects Claims in the West,
Office in the Post Office,
NEW LONDON, O.

D. C. BLOOMER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
AND LAND AGENT.
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

WILL promptly attend to all legal business, entrusted to him in Western Iowa and Nebraska Territory. He will also give particular attention to the purchase and sale of lands, for farming purposes; and also of Town Lots, in Council Bluffs and other places in Iowa; and in Omaha City, Winter Quarters, Belleview, and other towns in Nebraska Territory; the investigation of land titles, the payment of taxes for non-residents, the investment of money in real estate and all business connected with the Land Office in the district. Information in relation to the country, will be at all times freely communicated to persons addressing him on the subject, by letter or otherwise.

REFERENCES:

C. Voorhes & Co., Council Bluffs, Iowa.
S. T. Carey, " " "
James Peck & Co, Chicago, Illinois.
Dr. C. D. Williams, Cleveland, Ohio.
Henry Haigh, Detroit, Michigan.
Hosmer Curtis, Mount Vernon, Ohio.
Hon. W. A. Sackett, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Downs & Co., " " "
Hon. J. K. Richardson, Waterloo, "
N. J. Milliken, Canandagua, New York.
Hon. W. H. Seward, Auburn, " "
F. Chamberlain, Albany, " "
Alfred Conkling & Co., New York City.

OFFICE—on Pacific street, a few doors south of the *Pacific House*, and near the Land Office.

Mr. B. will be in Council Bluffs early in April, and prepared to attend to all business that may be entrusted to him.

Dec. 15, 1854.

Our Wives and Daughters.—The editor of the Newburyport Union—Who is a woman—speaking of the alleged extravagance of wives and daughters, says that a great part of it arises from thir being kept in ignorance of business affairs. Was it the habit of men to interest their wives and families in the details of the day—book and ledger, she thinks we should hear much less talk about unreasonable expenditures. 'But if men will persist in treating women as fools or children they must expect them to act accordingly. Did any one ever know of a women 'urging her husbnad into unneccessary expenses,' who was thoroughly acquainted with his resources and made a confident of in all business matters? We do not believe the world can produce an instance. Let business men try the experiment of making their wives and daughters the confidential clerks (so far as knowledge is concerned) of their establishments, and we should hear no more lamentations about $500 shawls and $3,000 parties

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☞ Iowa has passed a prohibitory liquor law to be submitted to the people this mon h.

New Lebanon Springs Water Cure.

THIS House, kept by Dr. BUSH, is now open.—The institution, one of the oldest and most successful in this country, is situated in an exceedingly healthy region, in the midst of beautiful and varied scenery, and is supplied with every thing requisite for the successful prosecution of the

Water Treatment.

The house, situated opposite the famous Warm Spring, is commodious, has two full sets of Baths, of every desirable variety, and is supplied with an abundance of the purest and softest water. At the distance of a short walk from the house is a Cold Spring the temperature of which never rises above 45 ° F.—Here we have rooms fitted up with all the necessary baths; while in the house, besides the water at the usual temperature, we have the water from the Warm Spring, which is never below 72 ° F. These varieties of temperature give us advantages in the treatment of diseases not possessed by any other Establishment in the country. Especially is it unequaled as a place of Winter treatment, while it is not excelled as a place of Summer resort.

The treatment of disease with water is no longer an experiment; its efficacy has been proved by most abundant observation and experience—observation and experience, too, not by the empirics attracted to the system on account of its simplicity and fancied safety, but by those most conversant with all there is of science in medicine. It is now acknowledged by the intelligent of all schools to be successful in many cases where all other means have failed, while those familiar with its principles and practice, regard it as almost a specific in all acute diseases, such as Small Pox, Scarletina, Measles, the various forms of Fevers, &c., while for Chronic diseases it is the only remedy. Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint; Constipation, Spinal and Nervous Diseases and Consumption in its first stages are always cured or greatly relieved by the Water Treatment. Seminal Weaknesses, also, are almost certainly relieved under this system.

Dr. B. will devote his attention especially to the cure of these diseases peculiar to females, many of which are very distressing and hopeless under the ordinary mode of treatment, while they are almost always cured by a judicious course under the Water Cure. The pains and perils of pregnancy and childbirth are very greatly mitigated by this mode of treatment.

TERMS—From $7 to $12 per week, according to room and attention, including Board, Treatment and Medical advice. All extra attention subject to extra charge. Persons taking their meals in their rooms will be charged $1 per week extra. Clergymen and others of moderate means can obtain a gratuitous reduction of these terms

BILLS PAYABLE AT THE OFFICE EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

Each patient will furnish two large woolen blankets, two comfortables, three linen or cotton sheets, and a few towels. These can be hired at $1 per week. Washing in the establishment from 50c to $1 per dozen—an extra charge for clothes not marked. Experienced nurses will be constantly in attendance, and every means used to facilitate a cure.

WM. S. BUSH & CO.

New Lebanon Springs, N. Y., March, 1855.

☞ New Lebanon Springs is accessible by Stage daily from Albany, 25 miles, or from Canaan, on the Western Railroad, 7 miles, on the arrival of each train.